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# Extinction



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## Chapter 1 by Magdalene

They pick us off one by one. They take the weakest & murder him & take the producer & murder him. They have one mission. To kill the entire species of humans. But even after killing thousands of cockroaches, there are always a few that still survive and produce. I'm one of the last humans in the world. When I was last informed, there were 5 million left. That's not a lot, considering I once heard there used to be 7 billion.

And our hunters.

They sneak in the night with machine guns & don't bother to hide during the day. They use our technology & our minds to find out where we are. They aren't human ... yet they aren't alien. I'm armed with an AR-15. I have grenades in my backpack & carry 3 knives. I killed Jasper yesterday after he tried to kill me in my sleep. Must've been one of the Inhumans. Too late now. The abandoned town is deserted & I can imagine why. Ships are crashed into buildings & rotting corpses litter the ground.

I turn sharply when I hear a noise behind me & then I feel a hand on my shoulder.

**Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8** (1 draft)

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